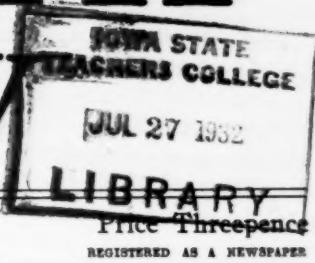


SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 4003. Vol. 154

16 July 1932

FOUNDED 1855



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Notes of the Week

Sir John Simon is heartily to be congratulated on the new agreement with France which he announced in the Commons on

A Real Success Wednesday. Strictly speaking, one should say "be congratulated

on one fourth of it," for the first three clauses consist of mere flummery to which an educated mind like the present Foreign Secretary's should be superior. But Clause 4, by which each party undertakes, pending a new general treaty of commerce between the two countries, not to discriminate against the other's goods and interests, is of the utmost importance both for the direct results that will flow from it and also as heading off a number of serious causes of vexation that have crept into existence during the last 12 months. It is unnecessary to recapitulate these. Among the first was the discovery by the British Ministry of Hygiene of the Colorado Beetle in French potatoes which, though eaten without ill effects by Frenchmen, were held in Whitehall fatal to English stomachs. French potatoes were accordingly decreed taboo on these shores—an act that led by a series of nasty pinpricks on both sides to discrimination in France against British coal. The new agreement will put an end to such galling habits, and high time it was that they should be stopped. We may presume for the moment that credit for Clause 4 is due to Sir John Simon, and for Clauses 1-3 to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Candour, however, compels the admission that the original inspiration comes from Paris. The French Government has from the beginning of this unpleasant if, happily, short era, and still more urgently, since the pound went off the gold standard and England on to Tariffs, pressed for a revision of the last treaty, made in the 1880's and by now somewhat fusty. The course of the negotiations has been admirably conducted and quickened by Lord Tyrrell, our Ambassador, and Sir Robert Cahill, at the British Embassy in Paris. Let bouquets be addressed to the quarters where they are due.

**

"Ottawa! Awake, beloved!" And the precious cargo of diverse humanity which set sail on Wednesday might, by sheer **Bon Voyage** weight of numbers, rouse the dead. But the cold fit has succeeded the hot and the misty idealism which saw the true foundation of an economic empire in the Ottawa Conference has been exchanged for an austere examination which can find little hope in it. The one extreme is as foolish and may be as damaging as the other. If Ottawa is a complete failure, we are not really much worse off, since the Empire will not vanish if we cannot all agree in the truth of a holy preference; if any good comes out of it we are so much nearer prosperity.

It is, after all, too late in the day to discover that an Empire's trade, with all its European,

American and Asiatic corollaries, cannot be reorganized on new foundations in six weeks. That elementary fact is no excuse for cynical pessimism. On the other hand the obvious fact that warring elements were bound to be gathered at Ottawa ought to have been recognized from the first. Of course, Ottawa may be a fiasco. But that is not inevitable. And the attempt, which had to be made, is well worth while. A National Government, which is doing well on the whole, will not bludgeon the Conference to death as the Socialist Government did. At least, not deliberately!

**

Anyhow, Mr. de Valera will not be there. Consequently he will not be able Imperially to

The Alien Accent torture the King's English in correspondence with the King's Governor-General.

He is, presumably, shrewd as well as hostile; clever as well as malignant. But he has shown no such qualities in dealing with Mr. McNeil. After the fabled examples of King Canute and Mr. Partington, how could Mr. de Valera have supposed that he could suppress the correspondence? Why was he such a fool as to try? And what does he really hope from a tariff war with England?

These be enigmas. What is clear, if not yet fully recognized, is that he is lifting Mr. Cosgrave and his associates to unearned pedestals in English minds. At this rate, the English public will soon canonize Mr. Cosgrave and believe that he and his party are the champions of the British connection, our sincere well-wishers, and almost ready to re-establish the Union which we jettisoned. Which would be very funny, wouldn't it? And so wide of the truth!

**

Sound, sound the clarion: fill the fife! To all the sensual world proclaim that a conditional

The Higher Bankruptcy agreement is a definite solution and that a solution resolving nothing forms the basis for a final agreement. This revelation, it seems, is the net result of the 35th Conference held since the war. Well might Mr. Winston Churchill jibe that "Europe has been saved—subject to ratification." His argument, and on this point even that of Mr. Lloyd George, is irrefutable. The Prime Minister's reply was weakness itself. That undisputed master of cloudiness in speech may *think* he told the world on the eve of the Conference's close that agreement to end reparations from Germany was dependent on America remitting her war debts from Europe; it is quite certain that the intention to do so, which he now avows, did not

penetrate into the minds of British observers at Lausanne, or, if it did, that their recognition of it was not allowed to leak into the English press. On Saturday, the result of the Conference was announced with a tremendous flourish as entry into the Promised Land: on Monday, we learned that entry must, at earliest, wait for many months, and must attend on the highly problematical goodwill of the United States Congress. What makes this more humiliating is that the information came, not from our own, but from the other side of the Channel. It was M. Herriot who spilt the beans. The salvation of Europe turns out to be merely a higher form of bankruptcy.

**

No one, whatever he likes to hope, can with reason believe there is much prospect of America

Hope Springs Eternal acting up to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's expectations. It may please Mr. Neville Chamberlain to believe, as he said, that the happiness and even the livelihood of millions depend on Lausanne marking the beginning of a new era for the world: it was a foolish thing to say and may prove a dangerous belief. What Lausanne has definitely done is to provide a first-rate punching bag for the forthcoming Presidential election in America. That the punching will be done at the expense of this country is almost a certainty. Great Britain will once more appear as the archangel of the derelicts.

**

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has returned to London shining with a nimbus from the factory of the

The New Hagiology busy press bureaux with which modern government is so plentifully equipped. Their activity on this occasion arouses an uneasy feeling that their—may we say?—ungentlemanly reticence concerning the "gentleman's agreement" which is the fly in Europe's ointment may have been dictated by a desire not to interfere with the send-off of the Cabinet's Conversion Scheme. It may now require a fresh dose of "dope" to keep the gilt on the nimbus bright. The Prime Minister's entry into the *acta sanctorum* does not in any case find universal acceptance. His tentative backing of Germany's political ambitions has not further endeared him to the French, whose memories are less short than our own. Should he still hold his exalted office when the next and 36th Conference comes along—adumbrated in the likely event of American obduracy and once more finally to settle the Reparations question—he, and England with him, may become aware of this. The moral is that, before being handed out, haloes, like hats, should be made to fit.

The hour is near when the British public must consider what it means to do about the American debt question. Great Britain has

Our Debts undertaken to pay the U.S. from 40 to 50 millions a year for the next half century, and by the Lausanne agreement forfeits 15 millions a year that came from German reparations. What then are we to do? It is easy to say with Mr. Lloyd George that we are bound in honour to pay and must go on paying: that will not put the money into our pockets wherewith to pay, or relieve us of a burden, literally crushing, if we do.

**

Those interested in the question—and who is not?—might do worse than read a recent book from the pen of a well-known

Uncle Sam, French publicist under the encouraging title of "Sam, à votre tour, payez!" M. André Chéradame, the author, and one of the pioneers of the Entente Cordiale before the war, attacks the problem from a novel angle. America, he argues, entering the war also entered into partnership with the other allies. For seventeen months those allies discharged American responsibilities in the fighting line and in equity can charge the U.S. with a share of the common expenses incurred down to the moment when the first American contingent took its place at the front. Europe owes America for money borrowed: but America owes Europe for the upkeep of men defending her on European soil in her absence. When this method is applied, the curious result is obtained that the only European ally still to owe anything to the U.S. is Great Britain, but so small an amount as to be inconsiderable in comparison with our present staggering debt. The suggestion is certainly not one to be pooh-poohed—at least on our side of the blue water.

**

It is all very well to write leading letters from Geneva to the effect that one's heart is still at St.

Stephen's. But isn't Mr. Henderson's son dining without his host?

Someone's Opportunity Surely the T.U.C. has left the matter of future Labour policy, and with it future leadership, in Mr. Bromley's hand? And does the T.U.C. or the Parliamentary Labour Party want again "Uncle Arthur" in the driver's seat on the coach? It is "the boy Alec," or the Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander, formerly of Sheffield and—why should we forget it?—of Invergordon, on whom many fix their hopes. A suave negotiator, he is a typical party boss behind the scenes. And it is noteworthy that he is discreetly keeping his distance from current intrigues. I doubt, too, if Mr. Henderson, any more than Mr. Lloyd George, is or can ever be physically active enough to lead a great cause.

Mr. Greenwood's slack administration in office disgusted his party, whose memorials on the matter got him "carpeted" by Mr. MacDonald last summer. Mr. Morrison is pert, but hardly first class: he is not of presidential timber, as a Chicago or Tammany boss would say. Commander Kenworthy had hopes; but he came to be curiously mistrusted by his own side after 1929. Who is left? Why not Sir Herbert Samuel?

**

Irreverent folk may be forgiven for believing that there has, from time to time, been too much

Rudolph Rassendyl Norman Montagu Norman in our politics and finance. And such irreverents may snigger at Mr. Neville Chamberlain's denial of any such

immediate return to the gold standard as was foreshadowed by the Bank of International Settlements, with the real or implied blessing of Mr. Montagu Norman. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer was very guarded—evasive might be too strong a word—in his statement, and it would be optimistic to underrate the influence of Mr. Norman's opinion.

It is also unfair to take an instinctive dislike of Mr. Norman because he is so often held out as a bogey-man by newspapers, because the photograph of his handsome face, beard and hat so often confronts the eye, and because his Transatlantic journeys are always paraded as being so beautifully secret. To be sure, these things make for hero-worship; but also for rebellious dislike. They are, one suspects, not at all of Mr. Norman's seeking. And, though he cannot always be right, he is probably very seldom wrong.

**

True friends of peace, as opposed to trumpeters of fatuous pacifism, must rejoice at the defeat of the Socialist attempt to abolish,

French Army Training for this year at least, the period of training of the French Army Reserves. Mr. Winston Churchill, with whom we are not always bound to agree, put his finger on the point when he said that, given equality between the French and German Armies, we should have war within a year. The margin of superiority in the French Army is none too great at present, and to suspend the training of its reserves would dangerously weaken the system of one-year service recently adopted by France.

**

The effective strength of the French Army is about 450,000 men. It is well armed and

Relative Strength equipped, save in aeroplanes, of which Marshal Pétain, the Inspector-General of Air, stated last year that, while the prototypes were in existence, there was a deficiency of machines. The fortifica-

tion of France's eastern frontier is well advanced, if not complete. If not further weakened, the French Army is in good posture for defence, but certainly not for attack.

Germany has, in the Reichswehr and the Schutzpolizei, the cadres of an army of 700,000 to 800,000 men, which could in a few weeks be brought up to full strength by drawing on the reserves of men passed, in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles, through both, and on semi-official forces such as the Stahlhelm. She is probably well off for field guns, may have obtained a fair number of heavy guns last year from Holland, is suspected of having a lien on others in Sweden, is probably deficient in tanks, and has no military air force but many commercial 'planes capable of conversion. If Great Britain's interest, to put the matter no higher, is to see a balance of power preserved in Europe, we should look anxiously at any step tending to reduce the defensive power of France.

**

It seems that science has solved the riddle of canine hysteria, that widespread epidemic.

Canine Hysteria Professor Hobday, the Principal of the Royal Veterinary College, explained in conversation that

hysteria is the result of too little meat or fish in the dog's diet. Its recurrence need not be feared if the animal is given a good proportion of fresh meat or fish. Rats were fed as an experiment on the finest white flour biscuits as their only food. They soon became nervous, started with terror at the slam of a door which had previously not disturbed them at all, and eventually became victims of hysteria. When cod liver oil was added the trouble abated and it was soon found that either meat or fish provided what their former diet lacked. No doubt the average dog biscuit contains meat, but, in the dried form, it seems to lack something essential. Independent observers had already discovered from the practical point of view that fish meals were often a remedy for hysteria.

**

Fergus Hume, who has died after being largely forgotten, was something like the hero of Frank

His Own Too Much Stockton's brilliant story, "The Deceased Wife's Sister." This,

of course, was the title of a short story so excellent that its author was ruined by its publication. No one would touch his ordinary work, and he was forced to begin again under a new pen-name. Then, one day he wrote another story—but you had better read Frank Stockton, who is still published, to find out the rest.

Fergus Hume was the victim of his "Mystery of a Hansom Cab"—a thriller contemporaneous

with "The Leavenworth Case" and in the direct line of descent or ascent to Edgar Wallace. It is difficult to remember anything else he wrote. But, had he been a new Milton, he would hardly have escaped from the fetters he fastened on himself—and sold outright for a beggarly fifty pounds.

**

The peaceful little bowling green of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, gaily be-flagged, has been this week the scene of a Homeric contest. The veterans of the Royal Hospital were the challengers in the annual bowling contest against the veterans of the Greenwich Seamen's Hospital, who came up over a hundred strong to support their team in the struggle for the Cup. Sir Francis Drake has connected bowls with the sea for all time, and last year the seamen of the mercantile marine defeated the pensioners. At the time of writing the issue of this year's match is still in suspense, and the battle is going forward amid much swapping of yarns and the keen excitement of the veterans of the sea and land.

**

Thomas Bata, the son of a Czecho-Slovakian village cobbler, before he crashed to death this week in one of his eight airplanes **Robot Land** made cheap boots for most of Central Europe and for parts of Asia, Africa, America, France and of England, which he was further preparing to flood with the products of a 600-acre factory near Tilbury. Bata was a characteristic figure of the post-war period. It would be unjust to compare him to the late Mr. Loewenstein or to certain Italian financial magnates now on the Lipari Islands, and still more to the colossal manipulator of Swedish matches and other people's money. Bata made real goods, things genuinely wanted and worn. He gave value for money. For that, his memory is entitled to our respect. It does not follow that we should therefore admire his energies or wish others similar to succeed.

Robots, if not an invention of Czecho-Slovakia, received their most widely known form and their accepted name from the pen of a dramatist from that country. Thomas Bata is commended to us as the man who put the principles of the R.U.R. into practice. The prospect of a mechanical world is bad enough. But, in reality, Bata began to do what is far worse, for his system marked the beginning of what is so terrifyingly depicted in *Brave New World*.

Yet it would seem as though the mills of God do grind. Loewenstein precipitated from 3,000 feet into the sea. Kreuger driven

Parcae Vigilantes by "Hubris" to suicide. In

Italy the fates assume a human form. And now Bata, on the eve of yet another great drive for markets, crashes against one of his own factory chimneys. There is a poetic justice in things. Thomas Bata's plane was struck down as it were by a finger warning men not to compass their brothers' too open slavery in the holy cause of greater sales.

**

The Saturday Reviewer may legitimately be pleased by the reintroduction of the "cat" in our Courts as a cure for banditry. His

The Beauty of Flogging facetious critics have had their say in our correspondence columns.

But it is proper to wonder whether the ardour of their amiability would be quenched by some personal experience of banditry.

**

Favete Linguis

Smoke-writing in the sky and night sky-writing with searchlights are approved, but sky-shouting is condemned by the Select Committee on Sky-writing.

—*Morning Post.*

Should you wish to "advertise"

You can utilise the skies;

You may scribble airy nothings round about,

Call the very stars to witness,

And the clouds to bear you out,

But, in deference to fitness,

Never shout.

MORRIS BENT.

**

Can chewing gum be justified? Possibly the London police may be excused if they fall back on it to soothe their nerves when

Chewing Gum they are engaged in the nerve-racking job of point duty. Certainly the jaws of some of the men so engaged may

be seen working in a way that recalls a cow chewing the cud, and if chewing gum helps them in their arduous task when smoking is forbidden, who could grudge them the relief? Only, we would pray that the unlovely habit does not spread.

**

There is a strange theory in the Service clubs that, as if by natural right dating from Queen

Patent of Admiralty Elizabeth and only abolished (and then improperly) in 1916 by Order

of Council, the Sea Lords, the professional advisers of the Crown, are empowered by virtue of office and as by law to arrange any

amount of new construction, recruitment, etc., at the public cost without Parliamentary sanction, all in the name of national defence.

The proponents of this theory express doubt as to its practicability, and its chief use appears to be to intimidate weak politicians. The theory must be restricted to home defence: costs of imperial defence in any event are necessarily high. Anyhow, so the argument runs, Parliament must willy-nilly foot the bill.

There used to be a practice, long tolerated by the Treasury at its option, of permitting the Admiralty, alone of the Departments, to apply what was called in the war "the unexpended portion of the ration" from under any head such as stores or pay to such other object, generally new construction, as My Lords desired. All other Ministries must return any excess under any head to the Treasury at the year-end. This probably accounts for the confusion of mind.

**

Miss Helen Keller, the celebrated American teacher of the blind, herself blind and deaf since infancy, was recently a guest of

A Soul Revealed the National Institution for the Blind. A correspondent writes:

"I was once present in a Boston theatre, now nearly thirty years ago, when a party came into the stage box close to me, among them a lively-looking girl of apparently 20 or 22 years. 'That's Helen Keller,' said the friend I was with. Then I saw that she was blind. I forgot what the play was, but it was difficult to concentrate attention on the stage, for I at once became wrapped in watching Helen Keller. She sat in the forefront of the box, leaning forward as though, and indeed actually, intent on the stage, although she could neither see it nor hear any sound that came from it. By her side sat a friend, watching too, and holding Helen Keller's hand in hers. As the play began, and throughout its continuance, the friend transmitted the dialogue—I imagine, word for word—in that marvellously rapid shorthand of the deaf and dumb, by her fingers playing upon the palm of Helen Keller's hand.

This was an astonishing enough spectacle, but far more so was that of Helen Keller's face. As the dialogue came to her through this tactile medium, every emotion aroused by it flashed across her features. Never having seen a human face, the blind girl was wholly unconscious of the restraint habitually exercised by men and women on the display of their emotions. Everything she felt was automatically registered in her face. It was like seeing a soul revealed in complete unconsciousness of its self-revelation. I can only say that, apart from its psychological interest, this was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever witnessed."

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

Is the Service or the Sermon the more Important?

THE SERMON By ANNE ARMSTRONG.

NINETEEN hundred years ago there were probably as many religious services held in the world as there are to-day. Some, no doubt, were simple, some elaborate with splendid ritual; some were for the peasant, others for the capital or the Court. All have long since been forgotten; even the scholar can hardly tell us to-day in what manner the Ephesians saluted their Diana, how the Egyptians worshipped their Osiris, how the precise Pharisee conducted his prayers to the Lord God of Israel.

Nineteen hundred years ago a sermon was preached. It was prefaced by no splendid ritual, it was concluded by no costly ceremonial. Indeed, it could not be, for, oddly enough, it was not even delivered in a church. Its language was almost childishly simple; its sentences, at least from the point of view of literary style, were almost ungracefully short. But, strangely, the Sermon on the Mount has never been forgotten, and it may still be remembered as an ideal too high for human kind when the last Mass has been sung in the Sistine Chapel and the last echo of the great organ of St. Paul's has been stilled.

The fact is, of course, that the sermon at its greatest is inspired truth, whereas the service at its best is only hired art.

If anybody claims that the sermon has sunk from its high estate and that the service has now become more prominent and important in the business of religion, I shall not dispute it. But the claim proves my case. It is only since the clergy exalted the service and degraded the sermon that people have ceased going to church. Everybody went to hear Newman and Liddon, though they often preached for an hour or more, because they had something to say. Even now, Dean Inge can fill a cathedral, because he, too, has something to say.

But only a sprinkling of people will go to St. Paul's when the ordinary Bishop or Archdeacon is announced to preach. The delivery may be good and the enunciation perfect, but thin soup on a silver plate is still thin soup that leaves you hungry and disappointed. In spite of organ and anthem, you have the feeling that you asked for bread and were given, not a stone, but—what is worse—a sing-song. Restore the sermon to its proper place, and you will fill the churches.

Who remembers whether there was a service before St. Paul preached to the Athenians or St. Augustine to the Saxons? Who knows if there was a service when Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard preached the Crusades, when Savanarola preached the reformation of morals in Florence or when Luther and Latimer and Knox preached the reformation of doctrine in Germany and Britain? The sermons belong to history, but the services were mere accompaniments. The sermon, in fact, is an event—the service an episode.

THE SERVICE By GUY C. POLLOCK.

BEYOND thought or question, the service has it—as literature, as intellectual delight, as the spur to emotion, and as spiritual comfort.

Match first the best sermon ever preached—always excepting one preached upon a mount—against a finely ordered service, when music, ritual, diction, intonation, and reverence are at their best. It is unnecessary—though that were easy—to belittle the importance or attack the intolerable autocracy of the sermon in order to prove the far greater importance of the service. The preacher may fail; the service cannot.

Match again the poor sermon against an uninspired rendering of the service. Here from the pulpit issues a stream of imbecilities which must be suffered in silence, a string of mumbles which (mercifully) cannot be heard, or a series of inadequate arguments, meaningless analogies, and bad theology which rouse the resentful but thwarted anger of any intelligent mind. The service is badly done, the singing raucous and out of tune, the diction of the parson like that of the clergyman of farce; the lessons are read without comprehension of their significance or feeling for the beauty of language; the affair is either hustled with indecent haste or drawled through to the bitter end of boredom. Yes. But while the sermon is worthless and time-wasting, the service is there for all the injuries inflicted on it.

However they may be delivered the words of the Book of Common Prayer have a beauty of phrase and a magnificence of meaning which nothing can wholly obscure. Even if the reader stumbles with an atrocious accent through the lessons, the very sequence of phrase and exact selection of word must be detected as literature of the highest possible rank. The devout or impious mind may well find nothing but suffering or ribaldry in a sermon. Neither can receive no good or pleasing impression from the services, however ill-equipped, of the Church of England.

The service may be at its best in all the rich impressive sacerdotalism of a great cathedral, of a famous, well-filled church or in a humble village temple where men are drawn towards God's altar by the impulse of long tradition and native affection. In either place the emotions are stirred deeply and it would be crass folly to underrate emotion as the spring of spiritual life. And at its best no preacher can pretend to appeal to any congregation as the service can appeal.

At its worst the service still holds, say, the collects, than which no finer prayers are made. The sermon at its worst holds nothing. Except the longing to have done.

The Morals of Stiffkey

By the Saturday Reviewer

PERHAPS the protraction of the proceedings in the now notorious Stiffkey trial was an uncovenanted mercy. For the public interest, kept at white heat by the swift march of the Barney trial, was lost by degrees and an unwholesome public appetite was thus starved. But it would be absurd to deny the public interest and merely muddle-headed to minimize the importance of these proceedings. So far as Mr. Davidson is concerned, the only real interest in him lies in considering the motives which persuaded him to go up to Oxford to read for Holy Orders after ten years on the stage and at an age which set him in some way apart from his fellow undergraduates. Let us imagine that these motives were praiseworthy and that he then had a genuine desire to be a decent minister of the Church of England.

Anyhow, he doesn't matter much. Other things for which the word "Stiffkey" has stood matter much more. The conduct of the trial, the absurdities of ecclesiastical law, the revelation of what may be the spiritual condition of more than one parish, and the effect of these proceedings on the Church—all these do matter.

A Courageous Bishop

The Bishop of Norwich was the prosecutor and we take him to be the most luckless of all the actors in this scene. His choice was between ignoring Stiffkey and taking these proceedings. And obviously there must come a time when the condition of some particular parish in a diocese can no longer be ignored. Action exposes a Bishop to the gibes and sneers of every critic. If he wins his case he seems a little ridiculous; if he loses it, completely so. And once he takes action he is in the hands of ecclesiastical lawyers, at the mercy of an ecclesiastical court.

Which brings to one's mind the conduct of the Stiffkey trial. To the ordinary layman, accustomed to the methods of secular courts, it was thoroughly bad. The presentation of the Bishop's case was very far from impressive and the long-winded delays seemed quite unnecessary. A jury, we imagine, would have stopped the case, before half its course was run. Someone with a gift of judgment much lower than that of Solomon might have been relied on to settle the issue after two or three days. As for Chancellor North, it must certainly be said that the long delay which he imposed between evidence and verdict was a grievous error. It cannot have been necessary; it was sure to produce scenes in the parish, "stories" in newspapers, and degrading wrangles which were bound to do great disservice to the Church.

But the conduct of the trial is part and parcel of the absurdities of ecclesiastical law. There are

many statutory authorities and others—the M.C.C., the L.T.A., the Jockey Club, Trades Unions, Clubs—which know quite well how to enforce reasonable discipline without King's regulations or *causes célèbres*. It is absurd—and shameful—that a diocese of the Church of England must be exposed to a Stiffkey trial in order to rid itself of one miserable parish priest who was patently and beyond any shadow of doubt unfit to undertake duties which he scarcely pretended to perform.

What a comment on the pothor about the Revised Prayer Book. Here was the Church of England in full battle array, Archbishops, Bishops (nearly all of them) clergy and laity (divided), using all its considerable resources of argument, influence and suasion (another word, perhaps, for peaceful picketing), to induce Parliament to assent to a revision of the incomparable Book of Common Prayer; here was the Church, when Parliament refused its assent, foaming at the mouth and crying for the repeal of the Enabling Act, an instrument sponsored in earlier years by the Archbishop of York as a sort of Magna Carta of Church and State. It was not an edifying business and the threats of Churchmen to dishonour their own contractual obligations were one of its worst features.

Bad Leadership

And all the time, as the Stiffkey trial has proved, far more important questions should have been brought before Parliament. The leaders of the Church must have known very well their real necessities. Yet, because they were incapable of governance or discipline, they jeopardised their authority in trying to foist on the laity a New Prayer Book which the laity did not want, while they made no attempt to disentangle those absurdities of ecclesiastical law which have now been turned to public mockery.

Everyone speaks of the effect of the Stiffkey case on the religious and social work of the Church of England. Everyone, inevitably, fears the worst from it. This may be quite true. There may be many parishes not much happier in their spiritual guidance than Stiffkey; there will certainly be no encouragement for any other Bishop to clean up the mess. In so far as large numbers of people who remain Christians in and to themselves have not ceased altogether to go to Church, the Stiffkey case will probably aid in keeping them away.

But Stiffkey, like the emptiness of Churches, the barren controversy over the Prayer Book, and the licensed indiscipline which drove the Church to seek compromise in a Revised Book, go back to leadership. The Church may not be peculiar among parties and nations in lacking leadership. But it is suffering damnably for the want of it.

Macaulay on Democracy

THE following letter from Macaulay, to which allusion was recently made by a correspondent in the columns of the *Saturday Review*, has never been printed in England. Written to an American in 1857, it was published in New York in a now rare volume of Macaulay's letters by Messrs Harper in 1875. In no other edition of Macaulay's work does the letter appear, and, though it was reprinted by the New York Public Library in 1925 together with other letters under the title, "What did Macaulay say about America?" it may be said to be virtually unknown, at all events to English readers. A copy of the Harper volume is in the British Museum, but no other is known to exist in London.

The views expressed by the great Whig historian come so close to being applicable to events of our own day in various parts of the world, that no apology is needed for reprinting them now.—*Ed., Saturday Review.*

LETTER OF LORD MACAULAY TO HON. H. S. RANDALL, OF NEW YORK.

SIR,—You are surprised to learn that I have not a high opinion of Mr. Jefferson, and I am surprised at your surprise. I am certain that I never wrote a line, and that I never in Parliament, in conversation, or even on the hustings—a place where it is the fashion to court the populace—uttered a word indicating the opinion that the supreme authority in a state ought to be entrusted to the majority of citizens; in other words, to the poorest and most ignorant part of society. I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty, or civilisation, or both.

The French Example

What happened lately in France is an example. In 1848 a pure democracy was established there. During a short time there was a strong reason to expect a general spoliation, a national bankruptcy, a new partition of the soil, a maximum of prices, a ruinous load of taxation laid on the rich for the purpose of supporting the poor in idleness. Happily, the danger was averted, and now there is a despotism, a silent tribune, an enslaved press; liberty is gone, but civilisation has been saved.

I have not the smallest doubt that if we had a purely democratic Government here, the effect would be the same. Either the poor would plunder the rich and civilisation would perish, or order

and property would be saved by a strong military Government, and liberty would perish. You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils. I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion. Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your labouring population will be far more at ease than the labouring population of the Old World; and, while that is the case, the Jeffersonian policy may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as Old England. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the labourer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million, while another cannot get a full meal.

Foreboding the Worst

I have seen England three or four times pass through such critical seasons as I have described. Through such seasons the United States will have to pass, in the course of the next century, if not of this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you a good deliverance. But my reason and my wishes are at war, and I cannot help foreboding the worst. It is quite plain that your Government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority.

I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people in a year of scarcity, devour all the seedcorn, and thus make the next year a year not of scarcity, but of absolute failure. There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stay you. As I said before, when society has entered on this downward progress, either civilisation or liberty must perish. Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the 20th century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth; with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have engendered within your country by your own institutions.

London, May 23rd, 1857.

THE NEW SATURDAY REVIEW—honest and adventurous. Order your copy from the publisher, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2

Manet and Picasso Exhibitions in Paris

By Mabel Robinson

EVERYONE who cares about modern painting *must* see the Manets now on view in the Orangerie in the Tuileries gardens. For here are brought together almost all the master's best works. Germany, Holland, Stockholm, Oslo, Copenhagen, London and above all, the United States, have generously sent their treasures back to Paris and the whole development of Manet's great genius is displayed as hardly ever before. The well-known pictures in the Louvre are here, and the beautiful "Bar aux Folies-Bergerès" belonging to Mr. Samuel Courtauld: these we can see without difficulty at any time. But here, too, are the Dead Christ from the Metropolitan Museum of New York, one of Manet's masterpieces, and quite his finest religious picture: his finest nude too, the "Torero Mort," inspired by the Dead Man of Velasquez in our National Gallery, and the "Jeune Homme en costume de Majo," which has not been seen on this side of the Atlantic since 1884, jewels from America not included in the great French exhibition at the Royal Academy last winter. Those that were there (the popular "Blowing Bubbles," and "Bon Bock," among them), are seen to better advantage in the light of midsummer and in the spacious isolation of the Orangerie than in the penumbra of a London winter upon an overcrowded wall.

But such of us as have not travelled in Germany or Scandinavia of late years may now see famous pictures otherwise invisible, as the "Jeune Homme pelant une Poire," that may really be compared for beauty with Moroni's tailor, the "Déjeuner dans l'Atelier," unrivalled for the rich impasto of the flesh tones, the portrait of Maître Dejorcy, and the charming group of M. and Mme. Guillemet in their greenhouse.

In short, almost every canvas that has built Manet's temple of fame is here, and the result is an exhibition of rare worth. Mastery, beauty, strength, freshness and joy. What a magnificent method. The creamy paint piled thick is as sweet and clear as flesh. It is life seen with an understanding eye and with the odd result that not only do the Manet pictures appear life-like but that the people in front of them look like Manets. When you came out into the open the Place de la Concorde and the river look like Manet landscapes too. Manet has his limitations—who has not?—but the eyes of his contemporaries were singularly blind to genius and beauty so obvious as his.

Are my eyes then blind too, that so many of the 250 or so paintings by M. Picasso, exhibited at the Galeries Georges Petit seem to me mad or sinning against the light? For M. Picasso, when he so wishes, is a great artist: he has even something that Manet never had; he can bring the tears to our eyes by the guileless innocence of his children or the confiding movement of a stricken Eve hanging upon her Adam: he can draw like Ingres,

as you see from the beautiful "portrait of a lady seated," a portrait of rare grace, satisfying indeed. The show has Picassos good and bad, sane and mad, the sheep so utterly unlike the goats that it is difficult to believe that the same brain conceived and the same hand materialised the enchanting children on the wall of the White Room and the admirable nudes 17, 33, 27 and 37, and the horrible deformities that are their neighbours. There are nightmares on these walls: creatures so monstrous, so abnormal, that they are neither animal nor mineral. There are human heads, double life-size, drawn as we drew on our slates when we were six, but with a devilish expression that is one form of mastery. There are collections of club feet, creatures that end in lobsters claws, also very ugly nudes that seem deliberately ill-drawn by a great painter who can draw beautifully.

Sundown

By the Saturday Poet

Bid me no more, when summer flings her roses,
To woo the wayward dream,
Or seek again the magic she discloses
In lane and field and stream.
Her sun-wrought carpets, her green tents that cover
Dim aisles that cheat the sun,
Are best forgotten by an ageing lover
Whose courting days are done.

Love cannot light new fires of inspiration
When the heart's hearth is cold;
Best, then, discard the old infatuation;
Better admit we're old,
And say to Summer "Once we did adore
No praise was loud enough
To hymn you—*nulla non donanda laus*
But now it's all old stuff."

Better, while on the road of life we tarry,
To shun such joys as this,
Than to the bourne of that dark stream to carry
What we shall so much miss.
For how shall Heaven requite its latest comer,
How shall the Eternal Whim
Console him, while on earth another summer
Returns—but not for him?

The Mystery of Bird Migration

By C. J. Patten, Sc.D.

ABSURD notions regarding hibernation, transmutation and submergence have been held to account for the seasonal disappearances of birds. In winter the turtle-dove was said to become as torpid as a hibernating bat; the cuckoo turned into a hawk, the redstart into a robin; while swallows descended to the bottom of ponds where batches became agglutinated and resembled balls of mud!

Credulous minds cling to tradition, especially when the dramatic element plays some part. Foremost may be mentioned the idea still in vogue that emigrating birds disappear from districts all of a sudden in vast flocks at night, and reach their far-distant goal *post haste* with unvarying promptitude, even though their rush through space happens to occur under a canopy so inky-black that the horizon is completely obliterated. In order to accomplish this hazardous journey, numerous ornithologists believe that birds are endowed with a "special sense of direction." But how this "special sense" acts, and whether it is controlled by any bodily mechanism, remains shrouded in mystery. Granted, however, that by some means or another, a definite directive factor exists in birds, of the nature of which we are totally ignorant, it is at least more reasonable to surmise that it comes into action in conjunction with, rather than apart from, the mechanism concerned with one or more of the true physical senses.

Instinctive Sense of Direction?

Consider the directive factor in the light of a pure instinct. The bird's perceptions of the migratory-route would have become so completed, so fixed, so stereotyped, that any new environmental stimuli from without, which otherwise might react with advantage, would remain now in obeisance; indeed, opportunities of profiting by experience—should exigencies arise—through associations of new ideas, would lie outside the sphere of a purely instinctive act. In truth, in thick no less than in clear weather, the traveller would be in the singularly fortunate position of being able to shape its course quite automatically, sensing the goal unerringly, without a "compass"! The observer, however, who has given attention to this matter, finds that in practice such behaviourism can readily be put out of court. Indeed, this mysterious method of auto-piloting not only begs the whole question, but founds an argument on inaccurate premises.

Birds travel by day as well as by night, also many species proceed by leisurely and easy stages. These are well-established facts. Surely then, under such circumstances, the sense of sight must be of real service. In supporting this hypothesis, it should be emphasised that avian vision—a true physical sense—is so highly-developed that a bird may be said to be endowed with as pre-potent an "eye-brain" as a dog is with a "nose-brain." Indubitably, birds have a discriminating eye.

They take strong likes and dislikes, often at first sight, notably in regard to shades of plumage. This fact is well known to aviculturists. Birds, moreover, evince a keen perception for form: change in style and colour in one's costume often will scare the inmates of an aviary. A tame and very quiet kestrel stampeded when I donned a black "bowler" hat! I could cite scores of similar instances bearing on this point.

There are, therefore, cogent analogous reasons which support the opinion that migrants in travelling obtain guidance through visualising many diversified landmarks. Nay more; the sense of hearing at times can play an important and a helpful part. The roar of the breakers may go a long way in piloting the voyagers by reminding them to hug the coast; a guide-line of primary use in seeking their destinations. But it should now be particularly noted that notwithstanding the guidance derived through physical senses, it is well known that numerous migrating birds do go astray, especially inexperienced juveniles, who often turn up at far-off, unaccustomed haunts. These vagrants, many specimens of which impart an added interest to museum collections, are known to ornithologists as "casual" or "accidental" visitors, and are well represented by both land and aquatic species. Obviously, such extensive wanderings could hardly be expected to take place if migrating birds were actuated solely by an unerring, instinctive sense of direction.

Marooned Travellers

These erratic flights are recorded mainly in misty weather. When the gloom deepens the voyagers become handicapped in their movements, while a dense and prolonged fog will put the brake effectually on migration. It is the business of the student of migration to demonstrate these facts for himself first-hand in the field. I have observed on many occasions hapless land-birds marooned on surf-lashed marine rocks, and other desolate spots. When I took up my quarters at light-stations to study bird-migration, I made several entries of little waifs which succumbed to exposure and starvation during continued gloomy weather. This pitiable state of affairs was especially noticeable in the case of those few more venturesome companions who, in attempting to move off, fluttered aimlessly over the waves, into which they sank, to rise no more.

Here again, if birds were endowed with a "special sense of direction"—regarded in the light of a pure instinct—the occlusion of landmarks by fog could not possibly be the means of deterring the travellers from pressing onward unerringly toward their destination! The fact that they are readily held up shows the argument from the opposite angle to be convincing, namely, that the sense of vision must really prove itself a prime factor in piloting the migrating bird whenever

land-marks are visible; on the other hand, such guidance must prove futile in thick weather.

Mystery of an Exodus

A great deal of the mystery which has been associated with the supposed sudden nocturnal exodus from districts of vast hordes of migrants, can be dispelled by careful field observations. Anyone watching emigrating birds trekking overland toward the coast, will soon discover that they relinquish their haunts gradually and in relays; that they move along slowly in daylight, flitting from bush to bush in search of food; and that their periods of migration often extend over a considerable time, especially in autumn. If the observer should take up a favourable position along the coast-line, he would soon discover larger gatherings, composed of the numerous relays of emigrants, reinforced by birds-of-passage, all of which have joined company. These combined contingents, in setting out, hug the coast deliberately whenever practicable, and hence provide themselves with a highway route—their most important guide-line—pointing towards their destinations.

The Waste of Capital

By Lord Phillimore

Recently the *Saturday Review* published an article headed "The Wastage of Capital." This contribution I have headed "The Waste of Capital."

The previous article ended up by a reference to the tremendous capital depreciation of British Railways; and we all know that an agitation is on foot to tell the British public how many widows and orphans have all their savings locked up in British Railways, and what a shame it is that this capital is so unproductive.

I dare say it is a shame. I dare say the Railways are admirably managed, and have always been quick to make those adaptations which all modern business demands. But I notice very little change visible on the country stations that I have frequented for the last 40 years, neither in the time-table, nor in the methods of handling goods, shunting trucks, etc., etc.

Now, when I cast my eye over my neighbour's farm, or anybody else's farm, I see nothing the same as it was when I was a boy. The size and shape of the fields, the pace at which the work is done, the machines with which the work is done, the system of fertilising, the marketing, are all different. The change may be summed up in its most notable feature, and that is—the far greater output per man employed.

When Mr. Rider Haggard worked the home farm at Ditchingham in the year 1898, he employed 11 men on 289 acres, and those acres were cut up into tiny little fields of four and three acres, etc., each of which was cropped with some different crop, and an immense amount of labour and skill devoted to it.

Now I am branded as being backward because my arable fields are not all of them as large as 35

acres under one crop. This is what my up-to-date mechanical farming friends tell me is the minimum. Also I am allowed 1½ men only per 100 acres of arable land. The other day my milk roundsman came home and said I really must instal some additional sterilising plant, or he would be losing some of his custom.

I inquired further, and found that it is his practice, and the practice of rival roundsmen, to quote the low figure of the bacterial counts of their milk to their customers, by way of pushing their wares. No, things have moved very rapidly on the farms. All of which seems to entitle the farmer to be at least as deserving of sympathy as the Railway man.

When one talks about waste of capital, as I began to do, I am reminded that Dr. Venn says that there are £45 of capital locked up in every acre under crops and grass. I do not know how that compares with the capital locked up in railways, but it is a pretty big figure. And I see that the Railways earned 4 per cent. on their capital last year. Well, I should doubt very much if we farmers earned as much, and yet, by the nature of our calling, we are forced to create a sinking fund every year. If we do not put back what we take out year by year, we very soon have to go out of farming.

If, as I believe, there is none too much capital knocking about for industry to-day, doesn't it seem a pity that we should waste the huge sums locked up in Agriculture? If our farming capital could be made to pay a modest 5 per cent. the Nation would be richer by 50 million a year. As the whole of this would be spent within the country, a very large proportion of it on manufactured articles, the butter would cover a lot of bread.

No, if there is going to be an agitation about British Railway Capital, let us have at least as strong an agitation about Agricultural capital. I hate this capricious application of ideas. Nothing is so bad for the Nation as fads and favouritism. Talking of favouritism—just at present the electricity grid is having all the big money lavished on it. Yet it has never run in public, and nobody knows its true form. Some of us are beginning to think that it may run very well on the flat, for short distances, where the population and the industries are thick; but that it will not be seen to such advantage steeplechasing all across the emptier English countryside.

I am told there is more capital per head in France than in any other country, and that this explains why the Frenchman is more steadily prosperous than anyone else. And France is an Agricultural country, with half the population still working on the land. I gather she does not allow the capital invested in her land to waste away. Perhaps, after all, it is worth taking serious notice of Agriculture.

Anyhow, I am certain that the capricious application of ideas and also expedients such as Tariffs is utterly wrong. How can Tariffs be right for every manufactured article except the farmers?

THE THEATRE OF THE WEEK By Gilbert Wakefield

Love's Labour's Lost. By William Shakespeare.
Westminster.

LOVE'S Labour's Lost" is not, I observe, among the plays selected for this year's Shakespeare Summer Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. Which is probably just as well, both for Shakespeare and for Stratford. For, as a visit to the Westminster Theatre may possibly persuade you, not only is "Love's Labour's Lost" a play (if you can call it one at all) which cannot in these days be enacted to the glory of its author: but—far more rudely than any other of the works of the Immortal William—it winks an irreverent eye at that new Memorial Theatre. What it comes to is this: if the same hand wrote "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Hamlet," then "Hamlet" was not written by the husband of Anne Hathaway. That within three years of leaving Stratford at the age of 23, this son of a bankrupt local tradesman, who had hitherto been serving a brief apprenticeship to his father's tanning business, can have equipped himself with the artificial culture redolent in this earliest of Shakespeare's Plays, is to my mind patently impossible.

If the play were merely an astonishingly good piece of "theatre," I should be the last to question William Shakespeare's authorship. As Mr. Somerset Maugham has pointed out, "you can write a very good play with the mental equipment of a bar-tender, and with all the culture of a cabinet minister write a very bad one." The trouble is that "Love's Labour's Lost" suggests the latter, rather than the former.

The Bright Young Courtiers

Its so-called Euphuistic qualities are alone sufficient to deny a Stratford parentage. Even the most unsympathetic listener cannot but observe that the verbal jugglery is excellently done, and not at all the sort of thing an unlettered young mummer, recently arrived from Warwickshire, could conceivably have written—even with the aid of Lylly's comedies to influence him. In short, this play is obviously a Bright Young Courtier's very "precious" *jeu d'esprit*.

The problem of its authorship is more entertaining than the comedy itself. The plot is largely unintelligible, and what little is comprehensible, is trivial artifice. The romantic-comedy part of it is couched in a contemporary jargon which, however "amusing" it may once have been as fashionable literature, is precisely the sort of language in which plays assuredly should *not* be written. For instance, choosing more or less at random:

Ros. : What's your dark meaning, mouse, in this light word?

Kath. : A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. : We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. : You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;

Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.
But she doesn't end it; Rosaline won't let her; and

the punning continues till at last, to our relief, the Princess intervenes to comment:

Prin. : Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

There are better things than this: maturer passages in unrhymed verse, revisions and interpolations for the Quarto published ten years later. Berowne's blandiloquence in praise of Love, for instance; some excellent burlesque satire of scholastic pedantry; a clown in whose clowning Mr. Richard Goolden found not only farce, but humour; and, to finish up with, a charade which (in this twentieth century, anyway) is the only part of the whole comedy which comes to life.

Unleashed Fluency

I cannot believe that Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, who produced the play, was really serious when, in his first-night speech, he apologised for his own, and vicariously for the actors', failure to do justice to a "masterpiece." I assure both him and them that the author of "Love's Labour's Lost" had something much kinder than mere justice; which is mercy. The pace was terrific, and at times the tale was full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. In this respect, Mr. Abraham Sofaer, as Berowne, was the principal offender, and I tender him my thanks. Only once was his unleashed fluency regrettable; and that was in the famous passage wherein Shakespeare praises Love in metaphors too swiftly changing to be appreciable, unless the actor somehow dangles each severable jewelled thought before us.

Elsewhere, Mr. Guthrie seemed to me quite right in sacrificing sense to speed. As Mr. Granville Barker says in "Prefaces to Shakespeare," the "spontaneous enjoyment" of a modern audience "will hang upon pleasant sounds and sights alone," and "we must have a beauty of speech that will leave us a little indifferent to the sense of the thing spoken." "Spontaneous" enjoyment—that is the point. The "spontaneous" enjoyment of the audience—that must be the producer's aim. It is no use playing to the few elect and erudite, historians and commentators. He must seek to entertain the "ordinary" playgoers; which he cannot hope to do, if he gives them time to puzzle their twentieth-century minds with the fads and satire of the sixteenth century. Costard, the clown, must set us laughing with puns on words which we have never heard before; Holofernes must be satirical with no familiar prototype to point the satire. And the lords and ladies must enchant us with their airy banter, though we understand it not.

And the actors ably seconded his efforts. In addition to those I have already mentioned, I must name particularly Mr. Evan John, who was not only very amusing as the scholastic pedant, but persuaded us that Holofernes was a caricature from life. Mr. Eugene Leaky made a creature, half absurd, yet half pathetic, and entirely human, out of Don Armado; and a line of praise is due to Miss Vivienne Bennett, who at very short notice played Katharine with splendid confidence and with complete success.

Where Science Fails

By A. Student of Life

PSYCHOLOGY bristles with difficulties for the scientist, for it deals with the region where scientific method fails. He must either admit a spiritual truth, the reality of which cannot be subjected to scientific tests, or be reduced to absurdities and contradictions of which he only becomes aware when he goes to school with the philosopher and the logician. Psychology is fast killing the Victorian notion that scientific truth is the only reality, and the New Psychology is pursuing the road that leads to a mysticism which is based on the validity of a personal experience, an awareness of the true nature of the self, that no more admits of argument or question than the statement "I am."

The scientist who admits the validity of nothing but scientific truth is a neurotic. He has built up a false universe and a false self to believe in it by repressing an essential part of his "ego," and is just as much in need of a psycho-analyst to break up his fantasy as the religious maniac. He is in the same case as Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. Aldous Huxley, who complacently declare that they are making their way through life with any number of different selves. The soul-healer, or it may be a volcanic experience, may one day expose to them the fantasies which have split their selves and make them aware of the one true self which lies behind. Then they will be amazed to find themselves talking in terms of the Beatific Vision or maybe of the Silver and Golden light and the Mystery of the converging rays which is God and Love.

Eternal Verities

Mr. Price's "Perception" (by H. H. Price. Methuen. 12s. 6d.) may be recommended to every scientist as an invaluable cathartic. It is closely reasoned and clearly expressed. The laws of thought are eternal verities for mankind and the author's conclusion that perceptual consciousness needs no external justification strikes at the root of the matter. "Empirical science with its miracles can never be more trustworthy than perception, upon which it is based: it can hardly fail to be less so, since among its non-perceptual premises there can hardly fail to be some which are neither self-evident nor demonstrable. The not uncommon view that the world which we perceive is an illusion and only the "scientific" world of

protons and electrons is real, is based upon a gross fallacy, and would destroy the very premises upon which Science itself depends."

In "The Psychology of Consciousness" (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.) poor Mr. Daly King, terribly helpless in his world of electrons, would have been much more happy in his dealings with the conscious if he had studied "Perception." In his introduction to "The Psychology of Consciousness," Dr. Marston, the originator of the Psychonic Theory, hints that our author "longs to become a mystic," but why he congratulates him on his manful resistance to the temptation belongs to the order of mysteries. *Amica Scientia, sed magis amica veritas.*

It is continually pressing upon him. He is too intelligent not to see that the Behaviourists by their virtual denial of consciousness have committed suicide, but he clings to the scientific test for all things. There is no place in his cosmos for the truth which is absolutely true, because it is a part of the unity of the divine self, and he arrives at an "I" which is "the very acme of passivity," something as inactive and mechanical as the knee-jerk reflex to which the Behaviourist reduces life.

The "Ego" Awakes

Then the reader receives a shock. A new Mr. King suddenly appears. This inert consciousness, "the very acme of passivity," is a potentiality. It is a possibility of awareness. Smashing right and left all the determinism that has gone before, the "ego" can wake itself up, can expand itself of its own volition, can, through conscious effort, become psychologically active. We are back again at the self-caused cause which defies scientific treatment, and if free will has not crept into Mr. King's "self-observation," which he describes as "a technique for psychological science," his theory seems meaningless.

It is true that our author confines "self-observation" in its first stages to the acquirement of an awareness of the body and provides us with scientific tests of the beginner's progress. But he admits that the method must be followed into the region of thought and the more mysterious and important world of feeling or emotion. There science must yield up the ghost and fall at the feet of the ultimate reality.

Mounting the Sword of the Samurai

By David L. Blumenfeld

NO greater dandy has ever existed in the Eastern Hemisphere than the gentleman warrior of Old Japan—the Samurai. There is a difference—a very great one—between him and his Western prototype, for, where the swash-buckling gallants of the European Renaissance could wear three costumes a day, if they were so inclined, the Samurai could wear but one, a standard kimono cut and badged with the crests of his clan according to his rank. And the colour of that was invariably a sombre brown, grey, dark blue or black, the gorgeous rainbow-like kimonos which we know so well being confined solely to women. How, then, the dandy?

The answer lies in the pair of swords which the Samurai from powerful Daimyo to humble foot soldier wore, as was his right, stuck through his *obi*—that is, his girdle. Though the blade of the Katana and Wakizashi—the long and short sword respectively—barely changed at all down the course of the centuries, the fashions in their mounting altered with the coming of almost every new year. A blade would be handed down from father to son, kept spotless and flashing, and during the course of its long existence might very conceivably appear housed in a score or more of different style scabbards and mounts.

Painters in Metal

At one time, very long weapons would be in favour, whereupon the shorter Katana would be put away carefully in their white wood *shirazaya*—preservation scabbards—the long ones taken from out their silken wrappings, and cocked at a jaunty angle in their new furnishings through the warrior's girdles. There was a time when it was the "thing" to wear scabbards of rare shark-skin, smoothed down, lacquered and polished in a manner most exquisite to see. At another period the Beau Brummels of Yedo and Kioto demanded red lacquer with silver and gold fittings; again, black, inlaid with cunning greens and mother of pearl and *awabi* shells, was the order of the day.

It has been said, and with truth, that the Samurai carried his worldly treasures in his girdle, so it is that we find the feudal lords and their henchmen girding on blades worth five or six hundred pounds with mountings equally expensive. And, just as there were schools of swordsmiths, so were there schools and families of makers of sword fittings; and, as a change of scabbard according to the dictates of fashion necessitated a change of mounts, it is not hard to see why the finest metallurgists in the land were employed in the honourable profession of sword mounting.

To set a fine blade in a poor scabbard and inferior fittings would be rather like fitting a Ford body to a Rolls Royce engine, so we see the Samurai swords decorated in gold and silver and beautiful metal alloys—a gamut of colour and

richness, yet perfect in their subdued taste from hilt fittings (*fuchi-kashira*) to scabbard end (*kojiri*). Indeed, so perfect in their art were the makers of the *tsuba* (guards) that we find even the Japanese describing them as "painters in metal."

What masterpieces some of those *tsuba*! Here, sculptured in a soft, chocolate coloured iron, is a flight of wild geese across the skies; there, on a guard of *shibuichi*—a lovely grey alloy of silver and gold and copper—is a little badger under a summer's moon, distending his tummy and beating it with his paw so that it may make a noise like a drum and entice the weary night traveller into the death marsh, for the Japanese badger—the *Tanuki*—is gifted with the witch-like powers of our Will o' the Wisp. Here is the magic fox of folk-lore at play with her cubs by the fir wood's edge, and there, on that minute *fuchi-kashira*, which will fit at top and bottom of the silk-braided shark-skin grip (*tsuka*), sits a little mouse carved in the round from virgin gold. In its paws—no bigger than a match head—it holds a grain of rice; each paw bears little tiny claws, and every hair on that mouse, from whiskers to tail, is separately carved, so that it will even stand minute inspection through the collector's magnifying glass!

Jewels of Asia

Indeed, the Japanese sword furniture makers of the old days bid fair to rival some of the finest craftsmen of ancient Greece, some claiming that they have even excelled them. The works of the Goto family, for centuries employed almost exclusively by the Shogunate and the ruling feudal families, to-day in Japan fetch fabulous sums for their size; a guard or a *kozuka*—the little knife handle which fitted into a slot on the scabbard of the wakizashi—signed by Goto Ichijo, the last of this great family of metal workers, will excite as much veneration as a Cellini jewel or a carven head by Donatello.

It is only to be expected that, with blades and mounts so exquisite, there should be an etiquette attached to the sword. How enormous that etiquette was cannot be entered into here; it is sufficient to say that different occasions dictated the method of wearing and types of swords to be worn. Sometimes a great lord would wear but one sword—the Wakizashi—while his servant followed carrying his Katana; for court wear, blades were slung from the girdle instead of being placed through it, and were housed in golden *tachi* scabbards and mounts; always, on visiting a house or *yashiki* other than one's own or one's Lord's, the swords were removed and placed on nearby racks.

For the ever-flowing *saké* was a heady, warrior's wine, and angry words might lead to threats, and threats to the swish of a flashing Katana drawn like lightning from a lacquer scabbard.

SHORT STORY

The Theft

By A. R. McDonell

SHE had stolen! She, Laura Taylor, was a thief! The words gave her a distinct thrill.

The sudden impulse—the moment of misgiving—the impelling determination, like that of a suicide—the act—fear of detection, amounting almost to panic—safety—relief—thrill, had all followed each other in quick succession.

Now came the aftermath; that concerned the principle rather than the magnitude of the offence. It had been a petty theft, only a flower, but retribution always seemed to be in inverse ratio to the enormity of the deed. People got away with big things, and the world thought them clever; a woman stole a loaf of bread, because they were hungry at home, and she got ten days for depriving the baker of fourpence.

She looked at the daffodil as she held it tenderly. The flower bowed its stately head towards her, and she smiled. Laura had not smiled since little Eric went into hospital. Eric loved flowers.

But here she was, already at the hospital, a dreadful impersonal place with its cold efficiency, sterilised cleanliness and smell of disinfectants. She entered the hall; the hollow resonance of people's footsteps, of people coughing and talking in subdued voices, seemed the only human ingredients in that sanctuary for human suffering.

Laura went over to the window of the office and received from a uniformed porter a black disc with white lettering (name of ward and number of bed). Down here, in the hall, patients were just numbers.

Laura held the daffodil a little tighter; it gave her a feeling of security against numbers.

There was another woman waiting to go up in the lift—quite a poor woman—she held a large bunch of primroses. Laura looked at them with envy. "Pick 'em in Stanwood yesterday," the woman remarked, with a shrug that was meant to challenge authority. So she had stolen also— notices all over Stanwood stated that trespassers would be prosecuted—yet that knowledge seemed in no way to mitigate Laura's offence, but rather to bring her down to the woman's level.

Eric's bed was at the end of the ward. On the right-hand side, half way up, she saw two nurses were placing a screen round one of the beds. Laura shuddered, and hoped that Eric did not know what that screen meant.

The woman with the primroses had faltered. One of the nurses hurried forward and said something to her in a low voice. There was a stifled groan and the primroses fell, scattered all over the floor. The ward sister led the woman quietly away, out of the ward, into the little room at the end, to tell her how peacefully he had died.

The doctor was by Eric's bed. Eric looked tired, but smiled as his mother approached. When he saw the flower, the tired look left his face, and he held out both hands. Laura gave him the

flower, and bent over and kissed him.

"He is much better," said the doctor. "What a beautiful daffodil, was it grown in your garden?"

"We haven't got a garden," said Eric.

Laura turned away in fear that the child should ask. How could she tell him that on her way to the hospital she had crept stealthily into a little front garden in Cleveland Street, the only tidy garden in that row of model dwellings, and snatched the flower from under the very windows of the house—the only flower in the garden, the only flower in the street. She wished the doctor would go.

"Did you buy it?" asked Eric.

Laura nodded. Now she had lied. Eric still held the flower.

"Put it in water," he said, holding it out to her.

Laura took the daffodil and turned towards the white bedside table.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the doctor, taking her arm.

She talked quite a lot to Eric that morning. He was much more cheerful when she left. They told her he would be home and running about within the week.

Laura walked home very slowly; her steps became still slower as she entered Cleveland Street. That was the house, half way up. She quickened her pace, then stopped suddenly outside Rose Cottage. Perhaps in Rose Cottage there was also a little boy who loved flowers. There was a moment's hesitation before she pushed open the rickety little gate and with a firm step walked up to the house and knocked.

Presently a man in his shirt sleeves opened the door. How Laura wished he had been a woman.

"I have a confession to make," she began.

The man looked at her doubtfully. She obviously wasn't one of the mission workers; yet confessions sounded like the missionary folk.

In halting words, with many repetitions and lack of sequence, Laura told him how and why she had stolen the daffodil. The man seemed to grasp nothing of her meaning; he just stood there holding the door. Oh! if he would only say something, swear or laugh, anything would be better than his silence. She came to the end of her words. Then the man spoke. "Flower?" he asked. She nodded.

At that moment a stout woman, her sleeves rolled up, came out of a room into the dark passage. Her presence seemed in some way to rouse the man from his apathy.

"'Ere, mother," he called, looking round. "Young lady says she picked a flower, stole a daffodil she called it, out of our garden. Did we ave a daffodil?"

"'Ow should I know?" grumbled the woman, and, without stopping, went heavily up the narrow staircase.

FILMS

By MARK FORREST.

She Wanted a Millionaire. Directed by John Blystone. New Gallery.

The World and the Flesh. Directed by John Cromwell. Plaza.

The Beast of the City. General Release.

WINE is synonymous with culture," so the villain says at one point in "*She Wanted a Millionaire*," the new picture at the New Gallery. I thought of Mr. Warner Allen, waited for the brand and the year, and hoped to catch a suspicion of a bouquet. I was speedily disappointed; the wine was sparkling, the colour light and, from knowledge gleaned from many similar situations on the films, I guessed the answer to be champagne. But is culture synonymous with any old froth? Does Veuve Clicquot 1915 in the magnum bring no more knowledge to a young man of what he should assimilate than an unlabelled bottle from some little known vineyard? Apparently not. The lack of a proper discrimination in wine-bibbing at Hollywood may account for the absence of good taste which permeates so many of the pictures from that centre; the explanation has at any rate the advantage of simplicity. If the Democrats ride in on a "wet" plank we shall see.

Grand Guignol

So far, so flippant; and that is the key in which the new picture starts. About half the way through the film, however, the scenarist forsakes comedy and one finds oneself plunged into the Grand Guignol. Unless my memory is at fault I saw a French playlet some years ago in which a jealous husband threatened to throw his wife to the dogs—the howling of the brutes off stage being truly terrifying. In the end they had the husband for dinner, instead of the wife, owing to a gross piece of negligence on his part whereby he allowed himself to fall out of a window or be thrown through it. This situation is reproduced to some extent in "*She Wanted a Millionaire*," but the scenarist has not stuck to the canine finale and the mastiffs get no meal at all in the picture.

All this sensational hocus-pocus might have been enthralling enough if the audience had been worked up into the right mood; but after a score or so of "wisecracks," a beauty contest and two amusing performances by Una Merkel and Spencer Tracy, the sudden appearance of a mastiff (named Baskerville) and the sensual insanity of Roger Norton, as the millionaire, administer a shock from which the picture cannot recover.

The lady, who chooses money and finds herself surrounded by the kennels, is played by Joan Bennett; she looks pretty and, while the film is in the vein of comedy, succeeds well enough; but she doesn't make much of the melodrama that follows; probably because she doesn't believe a word of it.

The Plaza is showing a new film with George Bancroft; in "*The World and the Flesh*" he is once more cast for his well-known impersonation of the man who comes from the place where men are men and women haven't minds of their own. Whether he is playing a Russian, a "hobo," a sailor or a soldier, a millionaire or a pauper, it is all the same thing to George Bancroft and, judging from his popularity, it's all the same thing to other people. Here the scene is laid on the Black Sea, when the Whites were running from the Reds, and George Bancroft is a Russian sailor; at least, the other characters all treat him as such. For those who like to see the knout there is plenty of it, for when George Bancroft is not beating someone else, someone else is beating him, while across the ship his rough guffaw echoes with every turn of fortune's wheel.

Pitchforked into the middle of this picture is the "leit motif," of "*Boule de Suif*," but much in the same fashion as the scenarist of "*She Wanted a Millionaire*" jibbed at the end of the French playlet, so the author of "*The World and the Flesh*" has forsaken de Maupassant's logical and clever finish. Miriam Hopkins is the victim, but here her love follows her honour and one is supposed to imagine that she marries her sailor. The make of harness which is needed to couple a stoker and the queen of the Royal ballet is not mentioned.

Cards and Caviare

As a background to this unconvincing story there are crowds of Reds and Whites; did the latter ever leave the cards and the caviare alone? They never seem to do so in the pictures. Here, also as usual, is the gentleman with the eyeglass who persists in facing a firing squad as though he enjoyed it, and who goes to his death shooting off as many quips as there are bullets in the rifles.

As for the peasants, they are as bovine as the aristocrats are feline. Nevertheless, one of them turns out not to be quite such a clod as he looks. His face deceived me to the same extent as it did the Whites, and I was very much surprised to discover what a really clever fellow he was. Owing to his dexterity George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins are able to escape not only from the Whites, but also from the Reds—a difficult feat in those days.

The performance of Miriam Hopkins is too restrained altogether for this kind of rough and tumble and her love scenes with George Bancroft carry no conviction. The direction is sound, but something will have to be done about film stories in Hollywood. Necessity is supposed to be the mother of invention; at present she appears to be abandoning her offspring.

The general releases are once again a poor lot, but Walter Huston makes an appearance in two of them, and his acting is on a high level. "*The Beast of the City*" is the gangster at large; "*The Woman from Monte Carlo*" was, though you probably won't believe it a very good melodrama, entitled "*In the Night Watch*."

NEW NOVELS

Ballerina, by Lady Eleanor Smith. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Two Living and One Dead, by Sigurd Christiansen. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Case is Altered, by William Plomer. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

LADY Eleanor Smith, not content with writing a novel, provided herself with hurdles to jump; but she takes them in her stride and clears them easily. To begin with she admits that the title "Ballerina" has already been used for a novel this year, and makes the necessary acknowledgments—the story, in her opinion, needed "Ballerina" as its title, so "Ballerina" it was called. Secondly, the main idea of the story is, in its essence, remarkably like a novel that was published last year (although the lady there was a *Prima Donna*—but *Prima Donna* or *Prima Ballerina* they are much the same). Then again, the Ballerina behaved much in the same way as James Laver's "*Nymph Errant*" (another novel published this year) and they neither of them refused a good lover when he turned up—a good lover (meaning one with a good bank balance) refused was a good lover wasted—but even then what a world of difference between the Ballerina and the *Nymph Errant* (another hurdle jumped!) You can either smile pityingly at the *Nymph*, or even mock at her openly, but you will sympathise with the Ballerina.

Lady Eleanor Smith may have 'pinched' a title, she may have 'pinched' an idea, and her heroine was hardly subtle in her love affairs—but Pauline Varley alias Lina Varsovina alias *Prima Ballerina* belongs entirely to Lady Eleanor Smith and proves that she can take her hurdles.

Lady Eleanor Smith lays it on with a trowel—the Ballerina, a child of fifteen, leaving a drunken father in the act of proposing (in his cups) to a boarding house shrew, becomes the mistress of a mad and decrepit juggler. Her feeling for him was *gratitude*, and to repay him she did her best to love him. Not a very nice life for a child of that age, was it? The mistress of an old juggler, living in a cramped caravan little bigger than a rabbit-hutch, and when she wasn't busy sleeping with the juggler, she was mending his tights or being beaten by him. But there was an elderly but quite kind old man and when he offered to help her with her dancing Paulina Varley leaves the juggler and his rabbit-hutch and takes up her residence with Monsieur Stanislas Rosing, and Paulina Varley becomes Lina Varsovina and her dancing a solemn thing.

Lady Eleanor Smith hasn't finished with us yet—she (Lina Varsovina) was sixteen when she married Stanislas Rosing and after his death there came a long succession of lovers because she (still Lina) was beautiful and her dancing even more so; and the lovers came rapidly and as rapidly Lina dismissed them. Nothing mattered until the Englishman arrived, and then, dancing forgotten, the genius and the tempera-

ment and the emotions of the Ballerina (which were fully developed now) were all poured out in loving him. And still the story does not end 'happily ever after'—and when Guy Chevis returns to England we are left with a Ballerina who is now too old for lovers, too old for dancing, and the child who was grown up at fifteen, with the world's ovation long before she was twenty, with lovers in plenty, decays slowly before our eyes.

Lady Eleanor Smith has written a story full of sordidness and unhappiness, but her characters achieve *reality*, and so, necessarily, her Ballerina is a compelling and pitiful figure.

In "*Two Living and One Dead*," three postal officials are involved in a hold-up. One is killed, the second slightly injured, and the third and oldest, Berger, escapes unhurt because he is sensible enough to prefer life to death, and realises that if he were killed through resistance his devotion to duty would not prevent the thieves from getting the money. In the result he is considered a coward, and his advancement in the service suffers, while his injured colleague receives promotion. From this situation, Sigurd Christiansen has worked out a psychological study; Berger is not only despised by others—including his wife, who also suffers because her ambitions for his career are not realised—but he is also obsessed by the idea that he must at all costs vindicate, not his self-respect, which he has never lost, but the respect of others and especially of his more successful colleague.

The book is recommended by the Book Society and won the first prize for the best Scandinavian novel submitted for last year's Inter-Scandinavian Literary Contest (which sounds as though the writing of fiction had developed into a species of sport); but do not be put off by the fact that "*Two Living and One Dead*" was a prize-winner. It is an arresting piece of work, and has movement and the special merit of being unusual. There is a refreshing absence of Americanisms, with the one exception that the translator will refer to a bank clerk as a "teller."

The most striking thing about "*The Case is Altered*" is that Mr. Plomer (who wrote it) appears more at home in Africa than in Bayswater. The milieu he has chosen this time is that of an apartment house tenanted by mainly commonplace people, whose community of existence is shattered by tragedy in the shape of murder by a man whose obsession for his wife turns to maniacal jealousy. To give Mr. Plomer the benefit of the doubt, I am quite sure that the *dramatis personae* were more real to Mr. Plomer than they succeed (or ever will succeed) in becoming to the reader, and that this is not entirely due to the largely objective method of the narrative. Mr. Plomer has not, in fact, brought it off.

There is at least one situation in the book—Mrs. Rudd's attempted seduction of Alston—that is frankly incredible. A lower middle-class female unsatisfied with her husband would hardly come to the point in such few words when playing Potiphar's Wife to a Joseph with whom she had hitherto only passed the time of day. No, that won't do, Mr. Plomer.

A.A.

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Vol. I. Victor Gollancz. 18s.

REVIEWED BY JOHN POLLOCK.

THE last time I saw Trotsky—or rather that I did not see him—was at Saratov in January of the year 1919. Saratov was one of the pleasantest towns in Russia, with its wide streets, southern vegetation, easy life, profusion of gardens, fruit and food, and great, grey Mother Volga swirling lazily past it, her banks lined with vast woodstacks and popular cafés. Already the grip of the Bolsheviks was on Saratov, so far from the centre that it had for nearly a year escaped the full blessings of communism; and abundance had changed into scarcity, the pleasure of life into dogging fear, decent hotels into verminous latrines. Already in the previous autumn I had seen peasants from the German colony across the river—strapping intelligent men, products of a blend between German and Russian that almost always bore fine fruit—blanch with terror on the sudden appearance of a stranger while they were selling some of the butter made with their own hands, lest that stranger should prove an agent of the hated Cheka, the Bolshevik inquisition. To sell food meant imprisonment, perhaps death. By Christmas the grip was yet heavier on Saratov, and Trotsky had come to give an extra turn to the screw.

I did not see Trotsky because he was in a closed armoured car, surrounded by six other armoured cars, and they surrounded by a squadron of the mule-like Lettish guards, then the mainstay of the Bolshevik despotism. So Trotsky, closer guarded than any Peter the Great, drove to harangue the garrison of Saratov and instil into them the degree, proper to communism, of hatred of their fellow-men; and to do so he climbed on to the roof of his armoured car and spoke from there, while its machine guns and those of the other six were trained on his audience.

Our Historian

Trotsky, now on the isle of Prinkipo in the sea of Marmora, whence he has tried in turn to get to Germany, France and Czechoslovakia and been properly refused by all, has beguiled enforced leisure by writing "The History of the Russian Revolution." Not of such things as I have noted above will you read in it. You will not there find set out the story of treachery, deceit, bloody tyranny, wholesale murder, torture, famine produced by artifice, ruthless personal ambition, repression of all individual effort or intelligence, that forms the background of the Bolshevik success; nor yet that of the German initiative, intrigue, and gold that laid its foundations, nor the fact that all the leaders of the October revolution were foreigners to Russian blood and Russian thought, like Trotsky himself, whose real name is Bronstein.

But if the reader keep in his mind the origin and intent of the Bolshevik movement, which aimed and still aims at smashing civilisation, he

will find Trotsky's book most entertaining and even instructive reading. Trotsky is a remarkable man: he could not write other than a remarkable book. He has, like most of his colleagues, a great gift of the gab, adorned by a mordant pen and unrestrained by any modesty in the use of caustic gibes. This first volume of 500 pages deals in sketchy fashion with the development of Russia, the causes of revolutionary feeling, the war and the events of 1917 down to the month of June. Its value as a serious contribution to sociology may be gauged by the dismissal of Stolypin's great land reform, beginning in 1906, as a mere attempt to consolidate the power of "the bourgeoisie."

And His Easy Task

On the period of the war the author has an all too easy task. Many figures in the last chapters of the Russian Empire are helpless butts for the vitriolic arrows of this admirable controversialist; and they lie under the heavy charge of failure. How simple to overwhelm with scorn the patriots who killed Rasputin but had not the ability to strike forward and destroy his work: they were long ago condemned by the result. How simple to attack all unsuccessful generals as incompetent: they are mostly dead. Trotsky's chapter on the war, lively as it is, can only be safely read by those with knowledge to correct it. By clever selection and emphasis on the shadows, his picture becomes a caricature, and his omissions are grave. The treachery of Colonel Myasoedov, the gendarme frontier officer, that gave Suvalki to the Germans, is of course scouted as a pretext. The real mistake of General Alexeiev, brushed aside as "a grey mediocrity, the oldest military clerk of the army," is not mentioned: it lay in his keeping the army almost wholly inactive throughout 1916, while he refitted it after the defeats of the year before. The 1916 offensive in Galicia, with the tremendous encouragement it gave to the troops and the nation, barely mentioned by Trotsky, was a proof of what action could do.

A Little Omission

A worse omission is that of the fact that by the end of 1916 the refitment was virtually complete, and plans laid for an advance in the spring that must probably have been decisive. That was why every effort was made by the Germans at this precise moment to bring off the revolution on which they had banked since the beginning of the war, both through their gang of agents put into high places by Rasputin who were trying for a revolt that should give them an excuse to end the war, and by myriad others in low places working to turn the revolt when it came into revolution. To Trotsky, neglecting such cardinal facts, it is child's play to represent the revolution as the culminating point of a grand proletarian movement, admitting though he does that in 1917 the working class in Russia as contrasted with the peasants, totalled no more than two out of a hundred and fifty million.

An even easier mark is provided by the patriots of the first provisional government. They only saw treachery at the top—meaning not, of course, the Emperor or the Empress but their advisers—and

not the underground enemy movement; they did not realise the danger in war time of upsetting the machine of state. Inexperienced, enthusiastic ideologists, they went down like skittles, as did their worse-inspired, yet sometimes patriotic successors, before the cold drive of Lenin and his lieutenants, sent by General Hofmann's enterprise in April 1917, sealed in two locked trains to act like poison gas on Russia. Trotsky writes of "the paradox of the February Revolution." True. The paradox however lay not, as he avers, in the patriot revolutionaries wishing a revolution in the interest of their own class and to stultify "the proletariat;" but in their participation in a revolution to win the war by victory, whereas the elements with which they had to work were out to make victory and even defense impossible.

"Why don't you seize the power?" asked Lenin at the first socialist party conference he attended in Petrograd on April 4th, 1917, and he produced a paper showing that their exclusive object must be to gain force, end the war, create a dictatorship, and begin the international revolution. Trotsky was Lenin's most capable, ubiquitous lieutenant. He should be read in his own cause, but readers must remember what is the cause. His book is not a history, but a magnificent pamphlet by an adept in that art. It is full of flashes to revel in:—"In the palace of Ksheshinskaya, Bolshevik headquarters in the satin nest of a court ballerina . . . ;" "the Novoe Vremya, one of the most dishonest newspapers in the world—and that is saying something;" "Kerensky was the incarnation of scurrying back and forth;" "we have forgotten to mention the prime minister, whom by the way in the most serious moments of his brief term everybody forgot." Mr. Max Eastman is a brilliantly pithy translator.

LIGHT ON D. H. LAWRENCE.

The Savage Pilgrimage. A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence. By Catherine Carswell. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

THIS is the most illuminating book about Lawrence as yet, though far from final. It is obvious that his friends intend to break many lances over his grave. This book could hardly have been written if Mr. Middleton Murry had not written *Son of Woman* and his *Reminiscences* about Lawrence. Not since Frowde gave away his friend Carlyle has such literary frenzy been caused. The reader is drawn by Mrs. Carswell's love of Lawrence but is caught up in her overpowering dislike of Mr. Murry. In fact, he begins to watch from chapter to chapter for the rapier thrust which awaits the other interpreter. At times it is a stiletto disguised as a paper knife that she wields, and doubtless it is all fair in the lists of Letters, for Mr. Murry is not unarmed and has brought this attack upon himself. Nevertheless it has to be read to be believed *quid furens femina possit!* If Lawrence can be treated as a kind of Christ, who was shamefully treated in the literary world, we are left with the feeling that

if Mr. Murry's book was the Gospel according to Judas, Mrs. Carswell has written Mary Magdalene's embittered rejoinder.

The book otherwise presents the best pocket guide to Lawrence: full of good sayings, biographical interpretation and personal friendship. There is no attempt to make a formula, for "his unholy ghost will not be pigeon-holed." An excellent comment is that "his books are easy to read but hard to understand"—the reverse of Joyce and Proust. "This hero who repudiated heroism . . . of all moralists the most demoralising." It will be a surprise to learn that Lawrence stood for fidelity in marriage and, though he could not believe, was all for Christianity. He was not opposed to war, and in one of his letters of which Mrs. Carswell has a good store he properly appreciated the Great War. "The Peloponnesian war was the death agony of Greece really, not her life struggle."

Vivid incidents are few, but the dinner Lawrence gave at the Café Royal to his friends has seared Mrs. Carswell's memory. Lawrence appealed to his friends to return with him to Mexico, but they all found excuse for not doing so. Mr. Murry, however, confessing that he had betrayed him, embraced Lawrence and promised not to do so again. "Lawrence, without uttering a sound, fell forward with his head on the table, was deadly sick and became at once unconscious." This dinner represents the theme and climax of the book and of that strange literary pilgrimage which began with a six months' stay with the hospitable Meynells at Greatham and ended in a Riviera Sanatorium, where he was visited by the Aga Khan and his bride. This sounds too fantastic for words, but "His Highness had been charmed with Lawrence's pictures."

Lawrence's life was that of a literary outcast and he received miserably poor support when his books were prosecuted. But Pinker, the agent, was a financial guardian angel and Aldous Huxley proved a true friend. Those who passed by or were merely patronising have their reward. The Meynells deserve more gratitude from a biographer, though it is now explained that after making their home life public property Lawrence was terribly upset to learn the facts that followed suit. "I wish that story at the bottom of the sea." We remember him in those days at Greatham, when books learned or vivid were being written in each shed or cottage of that happy community. They were joyous days of radiating literary innocence. Sometimes we met, but our books were hopelessly apart. As authors of "The Life of Cardinal Manning" and "The Rainbow" we could not hope to share even the smallest public, and we passed like ships in the night. Though Mrs. Carswell has not achieved the final commentary, she has written the best and sweetest of epitaphs: "He was the man in whose company to miss a last train."

SHANE LESLIE.

A GREAT EMPIRE-BUILDER.

Intimate Letters from Tonquin. By Marshal Lyautey. Translated by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. Lane. 15s.

MARSHAL Lyautey is perhaps the most fascinating personality of the 20th century, and those who desire to study the character of a great practical visionary will find far more enlightening material in these letters written early in his career than in M. Maurois' life. The man, artist and organiser, soldier and thinker, flashes out from every phrase, and the builder of the French Moroccan Empire shows himself in the words and actions of the Colonial officer learning his job under the leadership of that brilliant administrator General Galliéni.

Those of us who saw Lyautey at work, who were his guests in the Morocco that he had created for his country, carried away an indelible impression of a genius who was at once an artist, a ruler and a man of affairs. Everything that was beautiful in Morocco he protected as carefully as if he was guarding the treasures of the Louvre. He built his modern city outside the ancient Moorish town and called to his aid all the sanctions of law and tradition to prevent the destruction of the glories of Fez, Meknes, Marrakesh and the rest.

Yet he was a Sultan of Sultans. He spoke and his people heard and obeyed. He could smile and frown and the subjects who loved his rule trembled or were happy in his presence. He described his policy as "the policy of the smile," but there was strength and justice behind the smiling lips. On the battlefield he was keen, ever-ready and full of resource, but from the very first he regarded war as a means to an end—the end that was peace and order.

How much he owed to Galliéni is a problem for the future historian. The reviewer is convinced that nothing in the world could further or impede Lyautey in his predestined career. He was always himself—even in that evil day during the war—when he practically threw his resignation in the face of Parliament, and it is his personality and his personality alone that gave Morocco to France.

"The soul's joy lies in doing" was the motto he chose from Shelley. It was typical that this empire-builder should hitch his wagon to the star of a sublime lyric poet, and his soul has had its joy both in doing and achievement. Ingratitude from the envious he had expected and discounted and when he left Morocco, to all appearances dis-honoured by his own countrymen, he felt no bitterness, though humanly he could only rejoice at the tribute paid to him by the British Navy. Nothing could ever take from him the knowledge that during the war in defiance of orders from home he had held Morocco for France by the strength of his own character without withholding a man from the trenches.

Mrs. Le Blond who knows the Marshal well has made her translation a labour of love and has admirably expressed all that is most characteristic in his letters. Mr. Scott O'Connor, another friend of the Marshal's, contributes an admirable preface.

H. W. A.

Books of the Week**LITERARY EDITOR'S REVIEW.**

Intimate Letters from Tonquin, by Marshal Lyautey. Lane 15s. Reviewed this week.

Oars, Wars and Horses, by Major Vivian Nickalls. Hurst & Blackett. 18s. A lively volume of compendious recollections by a famous sportsman. To be reviewed.

A Main Cause of Unemployment, by P. C. Loftus. Isaac Pitman. 2s. The main argument is that the export of capital on a large scale leads inevitably to unemployment. To be reviewed.

Studies in Sublime Failure, by Shane Leslie. Benn. 15s. Brilliant studies of five eminent Victorians. To be reviewed.

An Idealist View of Life, by S. Radhakrishnan. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. Contains the Hibbert lectures delivered in London and Manchester. A spiritual philosophy and vindication of the idealist attitude.

Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. Constable. 37s. 6d. Coleridge's life in Coleridge's own words.

NEW NOVELS.

Wine, Women and Waiters, by Gilbert Frankau. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Sarah and the Silver Screen, by Edgar Jepson Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

Ballerina, by Lady Eleanor Smith. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Bred in the Bone, by Eden Philpotts. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

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ENGLAND AND HER COUNTRYSIDE.

The Villages of England. By A. K. Wickham. Batsford. 12s. 6d.

Northumberland and Durham. By Iris Wedgwood. Faber. 5s.

ONE of the charms of England is that there can never be a surfeit of books about it. I don't mean by this those books which rhapsodise over rurality or sentimentalise over simplicity, but good honest books that bring with them a flavour of the peace and beauty which is so essential a part of English rural scenery.

Even the motor-car and ribbon building have not destroyed all that peace and beauty and there are still those who tramp by field, woodland and moor for the joy of communing with Nature. Back in the midst of bricks and mortar, one welcomes as a breath of fresh air the book which recalls the exhilaration of the open air and the good weariness of walking, and awakes the memory of village tranquillity. They are the best of bedside books, wooing sleep not with boredom but with the recollection of pleasant scenes and comfortable fatigue.

Here are two more books to swell the list, each of them a delightful addition. Though they approach their subject from a different point of view, both give us another glimpse of that intriguing and fascinating creation, this England of ours.

Mr. Wickham studies his villages geologically. That is to say, he traces the influence upon village architecture of its geological position. His survey is wide, stretching from Yorkshire to Cornwall, and embraces the five main geological strata to be found in England. It is an interesting point of view, but I must confess that, for me, the greatest delight lay in the illustrations. These are profuse and, while excellently conveying Mr. Wickham's thesis, bring the typical English beauty vividly before one's eyes. I gather from the book that Mr. Wickham's pet aversion is asbestos tiling, coupled with the cruder and more vivid forms of red brick, and though he rails against this vandalism, he does it sufficiently gently not to intrude it too much into his main subject.

Lady Wedgwood's book, being much more localised, treats its subject more minutely and gives a wealth of architectural and historical detail which Mr. Wickham has, perchance, to omit. Again, the illustrations are a delight, but they are, one feels, purely incidental to the text and not, as in Mr. Wickham's book, the major attraction. Lady Wedgwood has a graceful pen and the quiet dignity of her prose is exactly suited to her task of picturing a corner of England which is particularly full of history and scenery. It is in no sense a guide book of the district, but rather one of those books which demand a comfortable chair after a good dinner in order fully to appreciate the good things that are in them. The book is wonderful value for five shillings and is, I imagine, another volume in the series which was commenced by Messrs. Dent with Dr. James's book on Suffolk and Norfolk.

ARCTIC HEROISM

Klengenberg of the Arctic—An Autobiography. Edited by Tom MacInnes. Cape. 10s. 6d.

CHRISTIAN Klengenberg's whole life was of the stuff that heroes are made. He conquered a great deal of the Arctic and bent it to his will, and this autobiography, taken down by his friend MacInnes from his own lips, tells a story that is startling in its bravery. The strange thing is that he lived to tell the story.

One of the most interesting accounts is of "floor whaling." In spring the "floor of the sea" (the frozen surface) begins to crack, and long channels of clear water are opened. Bow head whales come swimming along the channels, and up through the sea the great rounded bulk rises to the surface to be harpooned.

The greatest danger at such a time, and yet Klengenberg took it calmly enough, is when the working party find themselves on ice that has come adrift from the mainland and is slowly floating out to sea; and when half the party are women and they manage to be cheerful and not panicky, it is evident that there is heroism in the Arctic. "Mrs. Joe took a heaving line and, walking over to the edge of the ice, dropped it plumb down into the water. She took three soundings. Then she came back and very calmly said, 'We are adrift.'"

A story like this shows one that there is much

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that is wrong with the world's values. An English typist swims the English Channel and the world takes note and the typist lifts her head proudly wherever she goes; a woman flies to Australia and the world goes mad whilst her name becomes a dictionary word; another woman flies the Atlantic and the world bends knee and dubs her the greatest lady of her time. That they and their feats are acknowledged is right—it is amazingly brave to fly across the Atlantic (I personally should hate even to attempt to swim the Channel) but there are other events less spectacular, less advertised and just as brave that seldom even get a nod of the head, much less the praise of cities and nations.

The English, as Christian Klengenberg spoke it, has not been tampered with, and though not difficult to understand, is certainly strange. Yet it does its part in lending further enchantment to a story which reeks of romance—romance, too, that is plausible and ungarnished.

A GOOD CHURCHMAN

Charles Gore. By John Gore. Murray. 3s. 6d.

THIS small book on the famous Anglican Bishop is in no sense a complete history or estimate of that remarkable man, and does not claim to be. Its object is to provide some background of a personal and domestic kind, and this was well worth doing. Gore will go down to history

as the man who managed to infuse a certain amount of liberalism, both theological and social, into the heirs of the Oxford Movement. His influence was at its height in Oxford during the decade 1884 to 1894, from his appointment as Librarian of Pusey House to his becoming a Canon of Westminster. The volume *Lux Mundi* appeared in 1890 and is said to have been the death of Liddon. This volume of joint authorship boldly accepted the results, but less boldly tried to minimise the importance, of the criticism of the Old Testament.

The Anglo-Catholic party of to-day is the product of *Lux Mundi*, much as the Ritualists of the seventies and eighties were the product of the *Tracts for the Times*. And as the older party stood for Catholicism without Rome, the latter attempts to stand for Catholicism without the infallible Bible. His nephew thinks that the happiest years of Gore's life were those at Westminster. Oxford, it is clear, was a terrible disillusion. As a Christian Socialist the Bishop came up against the unyielding hostility of the country squires, and he saw too much of the Church in the village—its deadness and hopelessness. But of this there is nothing here but a hint on page 83. The fact is that Gore was not an adaptable individual, and perhaps had too little sympathy with the facile optimism and breezy efficiency of the post-war Church. But this portrait shows him as a devout, kindly, hasty, honest and wholly lovable man.

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Please send a gift now to General E. J. Higgins,

THE SALVATION ARMY
101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Next Step

SIR,—Your comment, upon my memorandum "The Next Step," in your issue for June 25th is very courteous, but I am afraid the impression you received on reading the pamphlet was much different from that which I meant to convey.

I was not proposing that the State should embark upon schemes of industrial development. The whole object of the representative organisation I suggested would be to create and maintain the conditions which would permit *normal* industrial expansion. The proposal is based partly upon the suggestions advanced both by the F.B.I. and the Macmillan Committee for a closer link between industry and finance, and partly upon the experiment now being conducted in regard to the steel industry of co-operation between Industry and the Tariff Advisory Board as the body responsible for the maintenance of the fiscal or political conditions necessary to prosperity. These three sources of policy—Finance, Politics, and Industry—were to be brought together in an Investment and Development Board with the object of ensuring that each in its separate sphere would pursue a policy in harmony with the industrial and commercial needs of Britain.

Apart from this the only State action I proposed was in connection with the controlled reflation of prices to a level which would redress the balance of advantage as between the *rentier* and the *entrepreneur*.

HAROLD MACMILLAN.

14, Chester Square, S.W.1,
27th June.

"The Beauty of Flogging"

SIR,—Since there can be no question of the human soul being degraded by flogging, why confine the benefits of this admirable punishment to brutes?

All offenders at present punished with imprisonment should be treated to the "cat." The more serious criminals would receive a very large number of strokes and the national health would benefit because only the fittest would survive such sentences. Criminal lunatics (as they would of course be the same danger to Society even after being flogged) should always receive mortal flogging sentences. Motoring offences should also be rewarded with flogging because this punishment would be so powerful a deterrent that the road manners of the country would be vastly improved. By these means the enormous expense of prisons, Broadmoor, and mobile police would be removed, and taxation could be reduced.

Flogging might further be extended as a punishment for peoples vanquished in war, and/or be applied to any country defaulting in war debts, reparations or annuities.

But the full possibilities of this form of correction—the panacea of our degenerate times, I suggest—had best be left to one of those Saturday Reviewers whose aesthetic sensibilities are so well developed that they can even see the *Beauty* of flogging.

J. D. U. WARD.
Surrey.

"London's Biggest Bounder"

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent Charles D. Leslie reads very strangely to me. I also was a reader of the *Saturday Review* at the time when the name of Frank Harris appeared as Editor and the tone of the journal so entirely changed, and to my mind deteriorated, that week by week I felt urged to discontinue it, but I am slow to change. Happily, the directors must have felt the same. His name disappeared and the *Review* resumed its previous tone.

I agree with the second part of the letter, omitting the word "honourable." Cleverness in itself makes no appeal to me: it depends on the form it takes.

F. HUMPHREYS.

Edgbaston.

What We All Want

SIR,—It is all very well for the radio people to stage another spectacular Exhibition at Olympia this August, but what the average person, like myself, wants to know is this: If we buy a new radio set, what guarantee have we that it will not be spoiled by the electrical and other forms of interference which now mar reception? I suggest that the Exhibition at Olympia should include a section showing (a) new radio users how to tune-in without oscillating neighbours' sets, and (b) how all of us can eliminate the crashes and crackles that are transmitted to sets from passing trams, electric signs and other sources of interference. What have the Radio Exhibition people to say to that?

ARTHUR RAYNER.

North Finchley.

A Schoolboy—Poet

SIR,—While going through my mother's effects, I came across an old diary in which are the following lines sent her by Walter Herries Pollock, formerly Editor of the *Saturday Review*. Judging by the date of the diary, 1867, he must still have been at Eton. They are rather striking for a boy, and I thought they might interest some of your readers.

RAINDROPS.

When thunder clouds hang black in May
Cool drops refresh the weary day.
To man in childhood's short-lived grief
Fast flowing tears bring sweet relief.
The clouds that come in winter's train
Drop snow instead of tender rain,
And duller grief can find no tears
To melt the ice of older years.

W. H. POLLOCK.

A. E. R. MACDONELL.

Swanage.

"Why Not?"

SIR,—In view of the exceptional importance attached by the Press to the distressing case of Mrs. Barney and the very remarkable interest shown in it by the public may I suggest that her acquittal should be celebrated by a Special Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral?

GARRICK CLUB.

FRANCIS TOYE.

CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday.

The exuberant elation with which the Lausanne achievements were at first hailed in the City has been modified on further reflection. While it must be recognised that a good deal has been accomplished it is as well to bear in mind that it is but a first step in the direction of straightening out the many complex post-war problems that confront the world. Over-optimism is to be deprecated at the present time especially if it were translated into a Stock Exchange boom. This is not called for and would be disastrous in the extreme were it to occur. It is one thing to hope that good may come from the Lausanne agreement and another to be carried away on the false security that all is well in European affairs. There is much to be thankful for in the knowledge that the cream of Europe's statesmen have come to an agreement on something and that they are desirous, as far as one can see, of co-operating loyally in mending the world's damaged economic structure.

Economy Programme Wanted

Steady progress continues to be made in connection with the Government's conversion scheme. The great stumbling block to complete success is, of course, the drastic cut in the interest rate. Especially is this the case with income tax at 5s. in the £ which, to those liable to the full standard rate, reduces the net yield on the new bonds to £2 12s. 6d. per cent. This is hardly good enough. As I emphasised last week, the final outcome of the operation rests with the Government itself. If trade improves a reduction in income tax may become possible in the natural order of things. If trade does not improve then the tendency will be for capital to continue to flow into gilt-edged securities, with the resultant rise in market values. But what is wanted more than anything else is for the Government to come forward with a definite programme of retrenchment in every department of National expenditure. This would quickly restore the confidence of investors by bringing into sight the prospect of reduced taxation, quite apart from the uncertain factor of an immediate recovery in trade.

A Valuable Concession

A privilege attached to the new loan which is not shared by any other British Government security is that interest is payable without deduction of income tax at source. This is a concession which is of value especially to the small holder in that he gets his interest intact and, therefore, does not have to claim a return of the tax. To the larger holder it has the merit of deferring payment to a later date than if the tax were deducted at the source.

Underground Shares

As a result of diminished earnings reduced interim dividends are to be paid by the various concerns in the "Underground" group or "Tube" railways of London. The parent company is paying 2 per cent., against 3 per cent. a year ago,

and Underground £1 Ordinary shares are standing in the market around 18s. 6d. At this price the shares are regarded as worth the consideration of investors who are speculatively inclined. If traffics continue to dwindle a further reduction in the dividend may occur. Last year the final rate was 5 per cent., making 8 per cent. in all. Should another "cut" of 1 per cent. have to be made this year the return for 1932 would be 6 per cent., and on that basis a yield of nearly £6 15s. per cent. would be forthcoming to a purchaser of the shares at to-day's price. The position at the moment is not very clear, but now that terms have been arranged with the Metropolitan to enter the London passenger traffic pool the future of the group has speculative possibilities which should not be ignored.

Satisfactory Shipping Report

Considering the times there is much to be grateful for in the report and accounts of Furness, Withy and Co., the big shipping firm. A credit balance of £388,422 is shown for the year to 30th April last in comparison with £402,691 for 1930-31. The real significance of these figures is obscured by the fact that they include in both years certain "transferred from reserves" of un-stated amounts. The directors, however, consider the results satisfactory. They are able again to set aside £150,000 for depreciation and to pay a dividend of 6 per cent. on the old Ordinary shares. This, it is true, compares with 7½ per cent. distributed a year ago; but, on the other hand, a sum of £13,750 has been provided for interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the £2,000,000 of new Ordinary shares issued last December. The expenses of this issue have been written off entirely and the balance sheet again shows a strong liquid position. General investments stand at £2,523,996, while cash and bills figure for £382,145.

Wise and Proper Move

The action taken by some of the leading building societies to secure the proper regulation of income in view of the altered conditions brought about by the War Loan conversion scheme seems to be a wise and proper course. The societies are the Abbey Road, the Co-operative, the National and the Woolwich Equitable, whose combined assets exceed £100,000,000. For the time being these four societies have decided to limit their investment facilities and, in addition, to reduce the rate of interest on new deposits to 3½ per cent. tax free. Existing conditions in the money and investment markets have made the terms hitherto offered by building societies generous in the extreme. To attract deposits of a temporary character and in amounts beyond their capacity to utilise in the legitimate business of lending on long-term mortgages is not the function of a building society. At the present time it would be against their own as well as the National interests and it is to be hoped that the example set by the big Metropolitan group will be followed by others throughout the country.



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SWIFT and unanimous action on the part of all the holders of 5% War Loan is the country's urgent need to-day. Your countrymen are watching, the world is watching, confident that once again British courage and patriotism—British determination to deal thoroughly with the problem of the day—will triumph. Do your part in making sure of success by applying *NOW* for conversion of your War Loan.

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Already the announcement of the scheme has electrified markets, stimulated business, brought new hope of better times for the whole community. Upon the success of this Conversion depends one of the greatest economies ever attempted by any Government—a net saving of £23,000,000 every year. It means immediate relief to the Exchequer, permanent benefit to British industry, and definite progress towards the provision of increased Employment.

What it means to you as a holder of War Loan

Some sacrifice? Of course. Every British Citizen from the poorest upwards has been proud to make sacrifices for the common good in time of need.

But remember this—as an investor, as a taxpayer, as a citizen, you have everything to gain by the success of this great enterprise. In the new 3½% Loan you will have a British Government Security, on which the full interest is guaranteed you for 20 years without interruption. *And if you apply now you will, in addition, secure a*

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FILL IN YOUR FORM AND POST IT TO-DAY

If you have not received your application form, get one from a Bank, Stockbroker or Post Office.

Next Week's Auction Sales

There are few outstanding sales this week, but Christie's sale on July 20 includes a Paul Lamerie chocolate-pot and some good early 18th century plate; on the 25th there is a fine pair of Chelsea groups representing the Four seasons; also a good set of six Chippendale chairs and a settee, belonging to the late Sir Neville Jodrell. In their sale on Friday is a green jasper snuff box heavily jewelled with diamonds, which came from the sale of the Russian State jewels in 1927.

Sotheby's books include a number of early works on travel and colonization, the most interesting perhaps being that rare work by Captain Luke Fox on the North-West Passage, published in 1635. Hodgson's have a copy of Thorowgood on the Jews in America, issued—rather prematurely—in 1650.

The pictures and drawings which Sotheby's are selling on Wednesday include a number of drawings of naval engagements by William van de Velde the younger, and some early Siamese pictures belonging to Professor Achille de Clementi: among the latter is a fine diptych of SS. Peter and Paul by Pari Spinello, son of the gifted painter once visited by the Devil, who, in a voice that was "tuneful and mellow," reproached the artist with making him as black as he was painted.

Diary

Monday.—SOTHEBY'S: Beginning of a three days sale of Books and Manuscripts in dividing the property of the Duke of Montrose, Duke Albert of Saxe-Texhen, Sir Walter Halsey Bt., etc.

Tuesday.—CHRISTIE'S: Decorative Furniture, Objects of Art, Porcelain and Rugs.

SOTHEBY'S: Continuation of the book sale.

Wednesday.—CHRISTIE'S: Old English Silver. SOTHEBY'S: Old Master Drawings and Pictures and conclusion of the book sale.

ROBINSON & FISHER: Furniture.

Thursday.—CHRISTIE'S: Furniture, Porcelain, Chinese Hardstone, etc. The property of the late Sir Neville P. Jodrell and of Mrs. Leigh.

SOTHEBY'S: Glass, Porcelain, Glass Pictures, Ship Models, Textiles, etc., the property of Major W. W. M. Gott deceased, and of Mrs. A. J. Lloyd deceased.

PUTTICK'S: Books and Manuscripts of the late F. M. Dutton, and stringed instruments.

HODGSON'S: Beginning of a two-days' book sale, including the property of the late Canon W. R. Stuart Majendie and Rawlett's Library from the Grammar School of Queen Elizabeth, Tamworth.

ROBINSON & FISHER: Jewellery of the late Mrs. Amelia Sharp.

Friday.—CHRISTIE'S: Jewels from various sources; also Pictures and Engravings, belonging to different members of the Bromley family.

SOTHEBY'S: Italian Renaissance works of Art, the property of Professor Achille de Clementi; also Armour and Weapons, Tapestries, Furniture, etc.

PUTTICK'S: Peruvian Antiquities.

PHILIPS, SON & NEALE: Wines of the late W. F. Vince and Cigars.

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TO CHANGE TEARS TO SMILES.**

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Miscellaneous

HOLIDAYS AFLOAT.—Houseboat, converted steamer, in mouth of River Yealm, South Devon, to Let.—H. D. Smith, Ivy Cottage, Ivybridge, Devon.

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week :

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, of the week.—ED.]

Next Week's Broadcasting

July 18th, 8 p.m. The best vaudeville programme of the week clashes with what should prove to be the most interesting recital. The National programme offers a strong bill, with Will Fyffe as the star; while on the regional wave-length there will be an excellent programme given by Eleanor Kaufman, Arthur Caterall and Edward Isaacs.

July 19th, 8 p.m. (National), and *July 20th, 8 p.m.* (Regional). The Ridgeway Parade once more. Listeners who like noise and plenty of it in a programme which puts no strain on the intelligence should make a note of these times. The B.B.C. in allowing these broadcasts to be resumed recognises, quite rightly, that there are many such people.

July 20th, 9.35 p.m. (National), and *July 21st, 8 p.m.* (Regional). "The Round Table," by Lennox Robinson. This is an amusing comedy and should broadcast well. It is, however, impossible not to be disappointed at

the lack of enterprise displayed by the Productions Department. If Radio Drama is ever to mean anything at all reputable authors must be encouraged to write specifically for the microphone; to continue producing adaptations of stage plays, however skilfully done, is not only unenterprising, it is a policy of despair.

July 22nd, 9.35 p.m. (National). A Symphony Concert by the B.B.C. Orchestra conducted by Adrian Boult. Delius's Violoncello Concerto is a fine piece of work and, played by Beatrice Harrison, should be well worth hearing.

On Saturday evening the regional wavelength is devoted to the B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra (6.30 p.m.), the Buxton Municipal Orchestra (8 p.m.), and the Reginald Paul Pianoforte Quartet (9 p.m.). As a vivid contrast to this in the National programme there is Ballet Music by the B.B.C. Orchestra, Section D!

Theatres and Films

Theatres

Evansong. By Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols. 8.30 Wed. and Sat., 2.30. A Vivid, human and dramatic play about the middle-ageing opera-singer. Finely acted by (among others) Edith Evans and Violet Vanbrugh. The best play, and also the best money's-worth, in London. *Queen's.*

Fanfare. A revue, with Violet Loraine, June, and a clever and original American comedian, Joe Cook. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. First-rate after-dinner entertainment. *Prince Edward.*

Twelfth Night. 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. A new presentation of Shakespeare's most delightful comedy. *New.*

Open Air performances, in the Botanic Gardens, July 15th, 20th and 22nd, at 2.30.

Love's Labour Lost. By Shakespeare. 9.0 (except Mondays), Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. (Reviewed this week). *Westminster.*

Shakespeare Summer Festival, in the new Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. Evenings at 8.0. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

Musical Chairs. By Ronald Mackenzie. 8.40. Tues. and Sat., 2.30. Intelligent comedy in the manner of "The Cherry Orchard." *Criterion.*

The Scion. By Bertram Henson. 8.15 Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. A serious play, in which

various social problems are discussed with alternating humour and solemnity. *Embassy* (Swiss Cottage).

Films

Jack's the Boy. A good rollicking farce with music. Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge. *Tivoli.*

The Blue Angel. Revival of this screen classic. Emile Jannings and Marlene Dietrich under the direction of Mr. Josef von Sternberg and the supervision of Mr. Pommer. *Rialto.*

One Hour with You. Not very good Lubitsch, but amusing and light. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. *Carlton.*

Mädchen in Uniform. *Mutter Krausen*, reviewed week before last, has been postponed owing to the continued demand for this brilliantly acted and finely directed German picture. A study in adolescence. *Academy.*

The Man I Killed. Mr. Lubitsch's screen version of Mr. Rostand's play. Excellently directed, but this aftermath of the war may prove harrowing to many people. *Polytechnic.*

The Road to Life. The first Russian talking picture to be shown in this country. Excellently acted and directed. *Cambridge.*

General Releases

Nothing worth seeing.